THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854. VOLUME I.—NO. 3.

Poetry.

Spiritual Poetry.

We clip the following from an exchange, in which it is represented as having been given through a young female medium, by the spirit of BYRON:

Life hath its round of pleasures, and the grave
Hath a surcease from them; the joys ye know
Cease with the day that passes to unfold
A measureless, eternal hallowed day
That hath no changes, and no even times.
The hues that vanish with the Dolphin's life,
E'er it rot back to dust, are like the hopes,
The joys, the pleasures, (the vain trust of fools)
Which fly at the approach, the touch of death,
An echo, caught and dying on the air;
A spark, that flashes and goes out in gloom;
A sigh, a sob, a whisper, a faint sound,
That half attract the unattentive ear
And pass forgotton, like the wanton wind;
Such is the span of lifetime, on which men
Hang an eternity of schemes, and say,
"And thus, and thus, if so to-morrow be,"
And yet to-morrow comes not.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
The leprosy of sorrow hath its taint
In every heart; it hath begotten ills
That are incurable, and end in death;
Strange maladies that cloud the heart
Like thunder-caps, that in a summer sky
Cradle the imminent tempest in mock sleep,
And lower o'er sunny meadows.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
——And thou, dark realm,
Whose undiscovered portals close in gloom;
In whose eternal shadows walk the shades—
The vapory forms and fleshless shapes of men,
Throned in perpetual silence, dusk and dim,
In whose mist-hidden halls the entities
Of being long forgotten write in air
The aspirations and the petty deeds
That made them mighty in the world's esteem;
Thou dark,mysterious realm, to whose lone paths
Death guides the phantoms of the universe,
Art and shall be the solemn, stern abode
Of all the tides of life that lap thy shores,
As waves on waves lap languidly and low
The sands of trackless deserts.

Miscellany.

Story of the Back-Room Window.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We live in a world of busy passions. Love and hate, sorrow and joy, in a thousand shapes are forever near us. Death is at our threshhold. Life springs up almost at our feet. Our neighbors are "exultatations, agonies!" And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all.

Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses, which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would be unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted, (like the people in the palace of Truth;) all contributing their share to the unknown romance, which time is forever weaving around us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies, almost unknown, and soon forgotten; unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence into another region, or to hold his "fame" in suspension, twenty years after his coffin has been lowered into the dust.

It was some such chance as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge certain facts, regarding a neighboring family, which else had probably slipped very quietly into oblivion. You will observe, that what I am now about to relate is almost literally *a fact:*

"Some years ago, we lived, as you know, in B—— Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back end of the house. It was spacious, and not without some pretensions to the graceful, the marble chimney-place being distinguished by a painting of Cipriana, whilst on the ceiling lay scattered some of the conventional elegances of Angelica Kauffman. From the windows which occupied the northern extremity of the room we looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the back of a crescent of houses—the points of the arc receding from us. [I mention these things merely to recall to your mind our precise position.]

"In the center of this crescent was a house which had for a long time been untenanted.—Whilst its neighbor dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only was, for some reason, deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the causes of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly—it was on an April morning—we perceived, for the first time, signs of change. The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen bustling about its different rooms. There was an air of preparation evidently, which announced an incoming tenant.

"Well!" said A——, "at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough to take his haunted house; or perhaps, after all, he is merely endeavoring to decoy the unwary passenger! We shall see."

"A few weeks determined the question; for, after the house had been duly cleansed and beautified, and the odor of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms. These were of moderate price, and explained to us that the new tenant was a person of respectable station, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know 'what manner of man' he was. Our interest in the once empty house had received a new impulse; and we looked out, day after day, for the stranger's arrival.

"At last a young man of lively and agreeable presence, was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. This was evidently the master of the mansion. He stayed for half an hour and then departed; and he repeated his short visit daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office—a merchant or professional man, whose time was required elsewhere. But why did he not reside there? That was a problem that we strove to solve in vain. In the end, he went away altogether.

Each morn we missed him in th' accustomed room.

"And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen, throwing open the windows in the morning to let in the vernal May; closing them at night; rubbing with a delicate hand the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighborhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, 'imparadised' in rustic dreams; she appeared to be the sole spirit of the spot. It was not the '*genius loci*' which we had reckoned upon.—Our imaginations were not satisfied; and we looked forward confidently to another comer.

"We were not diappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and attired from head to foot in white; she was evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon this conjecture; and certain tender manifestations, on the husband's leave taking, confirmed us in our opinion. He went away; and she, left to herself, explored, as far as we could observe, all the rooms of the house. Everything was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little book case contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined. Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries made, and the survey recommenced. The lady had now some one to encourage her open expressions of delight. We could almost fancy that we could hear her words—'How beautiful this is!—What a comfortable sofa! What a charming screen! How kind, how good, how considerate of——!' It was altogether a pretty scene.

"Let us pass over the autumnal and winter months. During a portion of this time, we ourselves were absent in the country; and when at home, we remember but little of what happened. There was little or no variety to remark upon; or, possibly, our curiosity had become abated.

"At last, spring came, and with it came a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The plain put forth its tender leaves; the sky grew blue overhead (even in London;) and the windows of the once melancholy house shone blushing with many flowers. So May passed; and June came on, with its air all rich with rose. But the lady? Ah! her cheek now waxed pale, and her step grew weak and faltering. Sometimes she ventured into her small garden, when the sun was full upon it. All other times she might be seen wearied with needle-work, or sitting languidly alone; or when her husband was at home (before and after hours of business,) she walked a little, to and fro, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with her infirmity. It was curious to ovserve how love had tamed the high and frolicsome spirit of the man. A joyous and perhaps common manner became serious and refined. The weight of thought lay on him—the responsibility of love. It is thus that, in some natures, love is wanting to their full developement. It raises and refines, and magnifies the intellect, which else would remain dull, trivial and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the human springs at once into fertility—from vagueness into character—from dullness into vigor and beauty, under the 'charming wand' of love.

"But let us proceed:

"On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion, by degrees the tumult subsided, the passings backwards and forwards became less frequent; and at last tranquilisy was restored. A single light burning in the upper window, alone told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we were told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady had brought her husband a child! We drank to its health in wine.

"For a few days quiet hung upon the house. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hurry and alarm came again. Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came and departed. The maid now held her apron to her eyes. The husband, burying his face in his hands, strove (how vainly!) to hide a world of grief. Ere long the bedroom window was thrown open, the shutters of the house were closed, and in a week a hearse was at the door. The mystery was at an end; she was dead!

"She died! No poet ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the the common mould. Her name even is unknown. But what of this? She lived and died, and was lamented. The proudest can boast of little more. She made the light and happiness of one mortal creature, fond and fragile as herself—and for a name, a tomb!—Alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth—nothing but to know the spot where the beloved one rests forever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we have hoarded in our hearts to the deep and ever shifting waters—to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know *where* it is that we have laid our fading treasure. Otherwise, the pilgrimage is as easy and as painful to the simple church-yard hillock as to the vault in which a king reposes. The gloomy arches of stately tombs, what are they to the grandeur of the overhanging heavens? and the cold and ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is in comparison with the turf whereon many a daisy grows!

"The child survived. The cares lately exhausted on another, were now concentrated on a little child. The solemn doctors came, and prescribed for it, and took their golden fees.—The nurse transferred to it her ready smiles.—The services which had been purchased for the mother were now the property of another claimant. Even the father turned towards it all of his heart which was not in the grave. It was part of her who had strewn sunshine in his path, and he valued it accordingly.

"But it would not do. A month, 'a little month,' and the shutters were again closed.—Another funeral followed swift upon the last. The mother and her child were again together.

"From this period a marked change rose in the man's character. The grief which had bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved a little by the care which he had bestowed upon her child) now changed to a sullen or reckless indifference. In the morning he was clouded and oppressed; but at night a madness and dissonant jollity (the madness of wine) usurped the place of the early sorrow. His orgies were often carried into morning. Sometimes he he drank with wild companions, sometimes he was seen alone, staggering towards the window, stupid and bloated, ere the last light of the autumn sunset concealed him from our sight. There were steadier intervals indeed, when reflection would come upon him—perhaps remorse; when he would gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look upon the few withered flowers that had once flourished in his gay window. What was he then thinking of? Of vanished hopes and happy hours? Of her patience, her gentleness, her deep untiring love? Why did he not summon up more cheerful visions? Where was his old vivacity, his young and happy spirit? The world offered the same allurements as before, with the exception of only one single joy. Oh! but that was *all.*—That was the one hope, the one thought, that had grown vast and absorbed all others. That was the mirror which had reflected happiness a thousand ways. Under that influence the present, the past, the bright to come—all had seemed to cast back upon him the picture of innumerable blessings. He had trod even in dreams, upon a sunny shore. And now—!

"But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell from step to step. Sickness was on his body, despair was on his mind. He shrank and wasted away, 'old before his time,' and might have subsided into a paralyzed cripple or a moody idiot, had not death, (for once a friend,) come suddenly to him, and rescued him from further misery.

"He died, as his wife and child had died, before him. The same signs were there—the unnatural quiet—the closed shutters—and the funeral train. But all, in their time, disappeared; and in a few weeks workmen came thronging again to the empty house; the rooms were again scoured—the walls beautified. The same board which two years before had been nailed to the wall, with the significant words, 'To Let,' upon it, was again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the old time had returned again, and that the interval was nothing but a dream.

And is this all? Yes, that is all. I wish that I could have crowned my little sale with a brignter ending. But it was not to be. I wish even that I could have made it more heroic, or have developed some grand moral for your use. As it is, it contains little beyond the common threadbare story of human life—first hope, and then enjoyment, and then sorrow—all ending quietly in the grave. It is an ancient tale. The vein runs through man's many histories. Some of them may present seeming varieties—a life without hope or joy—or a career beginning gaily, and running merrily to its close. But this is because we do not read the inner secrets of the soul—the thousand, thousand small pulsations which yield pain or pleasure to the human mind. Be assured that there is no more an equality or stagnation in the heart, than in the ever moving ocean.

You will ask me, perhaps, to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate your passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair? Some wise friend will tell you that you may learn, by precepts, never to lean too much on others; for that thereby you lose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman—to rest your happiness upon the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the east wind may blow into dust—is anything but the act of a wise and prudent man. And to grieve for her after she is dead!—to sigh for what is irrecoverable!—what can be more senseless? All this can be proved by every rule of logic.

For my part, I can derive nothing for you from my story, except perhaps that it may teach you, like every tale of human suffering, to sympathize with your kind. And this methinks, is better, and possibly quite as necessary, as any high-wrought or stern example which shuts the heart up, instead of persuading it to expand, which teaches prudence instead of love; and reduces the aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid mark, which all are able,, and most of us too well contented to reach.

We should not commit ourselves to the fields, and inhale the fresh breath of the spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry cal culations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers. We should not read the sadness of domestic history merely to extract some prudent lesson for ourselves. We should open our hearts beneath these great influences, and endeavor to learn that we possess the right, the power, nay, the wish (tho' it may sleep,) of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of.

So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it, and I hope that you will not entirely contemn this until you have given it the consideration of a friend. It is this—"*Let but the heart be opened and a thousand virtues will rush in.*"

Glaciers.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

You see before you, as in this case, say thirty or forty mountain peaks, and between these peaks what seem to you frozen rivers. The snow from time to time melting and dripping down the sides of the mountain, and congealing in the elevated hollows between the peaks, forms a half-fluid mass—a river of ice—which is called a glacier. And it lies upon the slanting surface and is not entirely solid throughout, the whole mass is continually pushing, with a gradual but imperceptible motion, down into the valleys below. At a distance these glaciers, as I have said before, look like frozen rivers; when one approaches nearer, or where they press downward into the valley, like this Glacier de Boisson, they look like immense crystals and pillars of ice, piled together in every conceivable form. The effect of this pile of ice, lying directly in the lap of green grass and flowers, is quite singular. The village of Chamouni itself has nothing in particular to recommend it. The buildings and everything about it have a rough, coarse appearance. Before we had entered the valley this evening the sun had gone down; the sky behind the mountains looked as if darkness was rapidly coming on.—On our right hand were black, jagged, furrowed walls of mountain, and on our left Mont Blanc, with his fields of glaciers and worlds of snow; they seemed to hem us in, and almost press us down. But in a few minutes commenced a scene of transfiguration, more glorious than anything I had witnessed yet. The cold, white, dismal fields of ice gradually changed into hues of the most beautiful rose color. A bank of white clouds which rested above the mountains, kindled and glowed, as if some spirit of life had entered into them.—You did not lose your idea of the dazzling, spiritual whiteness of the snow, yet you seemed to see it through a rosy vail. The sharp edges of the glaciers, and the hollows between the peaks, reflected wavering tints of lilac and purple. The effect was solemn and spiritual above every thing I have ever seen. These words, which had been often in my mind through the day, and which occurred to me more often than any others while I was travelling through the Alps, came into my mind with a pomp and magnificence of meaning unknown before—'For by Him were all things created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things are by Him and for Him; and He is before all things, and by Him all things subsist.' In this dazzling revelation I saw not that cold, distant, unfeeling fate, or that crushing regularity or power and wisdom, which was all the ancient Greek or modern Deist can behold in God; but I beheld, as it were,crowned and glorified, one who had loved with our loves and suffered with our sufferings. Those shining snows were as His garments on the Mount of Transfiguration, and that serene and ineffable atmosphere of tenderness and beauty, which seemed to change these dreary deserts into worlds of heavenly light, was to me an image of the light shed by His eternal love on the sins and sorrows of time, and the dread abyss of eternity.

A Chapter of Natural History.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

We recollect a locality not many miles from Philadelphia, where, in order to study the habits of this interesting species, we occasionally strayed into the meadow, containing here and there immense oak and beech trees. One afternoon we took our seat on a log in the vicinity, to watch their lively motions. It was during the calm, warm weather peculiar to the beginning of autumn. During the half hour before sunset, nature seemed to be in a state of silence and repose. The birds had retired to the shelter of the forest. The night-hawk had already commenced his low evening flight, and here and there the common red bat was on the wing; still for some time not a flying squirrel made its appearance. Suddenly, however, one emerged from its hole, and ran up to the top of a tree; another soon followed, and ere long dozens came forth, and commenced their graceful flights from some upper branch to a lower bough. At times one would be seen darting from the topmost branches of a tall oak, and with wide extended membranes and outspread tail gliding diagonally through the air, till it reached the foot of a tree about fifty yards off, when, at the moment we expected to see it strike the earth, it suddenly turned upward, and alighted on the body of the tree. It would then run to the top, and once more precipitate itself from the branches, and sail back again to the tree it had just left. Crowds of these little creatures joined in these sportive gambols; there could not have been less than two hundred. Scores of them would leave each tree at the same moment, and cross each other, gliding like spirits through the air, seeming to have no other object in view than to indulge a playful propensity. We watched and mused till the last shadows of day had disappeared, and darkness admonished us to leave the little triflers to their nocturnal enjoyments.

During the day this species avoid the light; its large eyes, like those of the owl, cannot encounter the glare of the sun; hence it appears to be a dull and uninteresting pet, crawling into your sleeve or pocket, and seeking any dark place of concealment. But twilight and darkness are its season for activity and pleasure.—At such times, in walking through the woods, you hear a rattling among the leaves and branches, and the falling acorns, chestnuts and beech-nuts give evidence that this little creature is supplying itself with its food above you.

This is a harmless and very gentle species, becoming tolerably tame in a few hours. After a few days it will take up its residence in some crevice in the chamber, or under the eaves of the house, and it or its progeny may be seen in the vicinity years afterwards. On one occasion we took from a hollow tree four young with their dam; she seemed quite willing to remain with them, and was conveyed home in the crown of a hat. We had no cage immediately at hand, and placed them in a drawer in our library, leaving a narrow space open to enable them to breathe. Next morning we ascertained that the parent had escaped through the crevice, and as the window was open, we presumed that she had abandoned her young rather than be subject to confinement in such a narrow and uncomfortable a prison. We made efforts for several days to preserve the young alive, by feeding them on milk; they appeared indiffernt about eating, and yet seemed to thrive, and were in good order. A few evenings afterwards we were surprised and delighted to see the mother glide through the window, and enter the still open drawer; in a moment she was nestled with her young. She had not forsaken them, but visited them nightly, and preserved them alive by her attentions. We now placed the young in a box near the window, which was left partly open. In a short time she had gained more confidence, and remained with them during the whole day. They became very gentle, and they and their descendants continued to reside on the premises for several years. During the first winter they were confined to the room, boxes were placed in different parts of it, containing Indian meal acorns, nuts, etc. As soon as it was dark they were in the habit of hurrying from one part of the room to the other, and continued to be full of activity during the whole night. We had in the room a wheel, that had formerly been attached to the cage of a northern grey squirrel. To this they found an entrance, and they often continued during half the night turning the wheel; at times we saw the whole group in at once.

This squirrel, we may conclude, resorts to the wheel not from compulsion, but for pleasure.

The flying squirrels never build their nests of leaves on trees during the summer, like the true squirrels, but confine themselves to a hollow, or some natural cavity in the branches or trunk. We have very frequently found them inhabiting the eaves and roofs of houses, and we discovered a considerable number of then in the crevices of a rock in the vicinity of the Red Sulphur Springs in Virginia.

They are gregarious, living together in considerable communities, and do not object to the company of other and quite different animals. For example, I once assisted in taking down an old martin-box which had been for a great number of years on the top of a venerable locust tree near my house, and which had some eight or ten apartments. As the box fell to the ground, we were surprised to see great numbers of flying squirrels, screech-owls, leather-winged bats, running from it. We caught several of each, and one of the flying squirrels was kept as a pet in a cage for six months.—The various apartments of the box were stored with hickory-nuts, chestnuts, acorns, corn, etc., intended for the winter supply of food. There must have been as many as twenty flying squirrels in the box, as many bats, and we know there were six screech owls. The crevices of the house were always inhabited by the squirrels. The docility of the one we kept as a pet was remarkable; although he was never lively in the day time, he would permit himself to be handled and spread out to the pleasure of any one. We frequently took him from the cage, laid him on the table, or on one hand, and exposed the extension of his skin, smoothed his fur, put him in our pocket or bosom, etc., he pretending all the while to be asleep.

It was a common occurrence that squirrels flew into the house on a summer's evening when the windows were open, and at such times we caught them. They were always perfectly harmless. Although I frequently seized them in my hand, I was never bitten. We caught so many of them one season, that the young girls bordered their winter capes with the tails, which are very pretty. It was a curious circumstance that the flying squirrels never descended to the lower part of the house, and we never knew of any rats in the upper rooms.—Whether the squirrels or the rats were the repulsive agents, I do not know; certain it is, they never inhabited the lower location in common. —*Audubon.*

ROMANISM.—In the Clerk's office of one of the largest steamboats on the Sound, we observed the other evening a small iron cross and a string of beads. On asking if the Clerk used these trinkets in his devotions, he said no; but that he often had use for them in the way of business. On almost every trip there are found on board some Irish steerage passengers, who when summoned to the "Captain's office" to pay, declare that they have not a penny in their pockets. and begin to beg their passage.—Whereupon the clerk shows them the "cross" and the "beads," and asks them to swear upon these "holy symbols," to the truth of their statements. The result is, that they usually "shell out" the fare. Such is the conscience of Romanism.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

NO GOOD DEED LOST.—Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world, not one single particle has been lost. It may have passed into new shapes—it may have floated away in smoke or vapor—but it is not lost.—It will come back again in the dew-drop or the rain—it will spring up in the fibre of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf. Through all its formations Providence watches over and directs it still. Even so it is with every holy thought, or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation—we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost.

☞ Real fidelity is very rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

☞ How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity, and got reduced to its *last quarter.*

Favors easily repaid beget affection—favors beyond return engender hatred.

One master of a well regulated house is more beneficial to the State than a hundred political declaimers.

☞ BAD LUCK.—The fellow who jumped at a conclusion, dislocated one of his ankles.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, OCTOBER, 14, 1854.

"Conjugal Affinity"

We have no doubt of the truth of the proposition that many millions who enter, precipitately, into the matrimonial connection, drag out lives of misery for want of that co ngeniality of sympathies, of affection, of spirit, which . termed conjugal affinity. Nor do we ...ubt that, in the second state of human ...stence; males and females are paired, as ...y are here, and as every living thing is, d... to the lowest order of the vegetable kin...m. Nor do we in the least doubt the do... that, in the spirit-realm, there is no ...sibility of so evading the law of congeni...y as to bring two discordant spirits toge... as co-mates for eternity. Would to heav... it were so here; but such is not the cas... and we must make the best of it.

...f our social system were what it should be—if money were not considered the only one thing needful—if all that the world considers worth living for were not supposed to be centered in that one desideratum. If the souls of men and women were not principally absorbed by the passion for accumulating wealth, rising in station and power above their peers, and flaunting with the trappings of pride—if each one sought the good of others as well as his own, and all lived here with reference to the life hereafter, instead of living as if this were all there is of human existence; then there would need to be—there *could* be, no unhappy marriages. There would then be no incentives for men and women to compromise their affections and affinities, as there now are.

Instead of looking for conjugal affinity, young gentlemen look for daughters whose fathers have been successful in the accumulation of wealth, that they may be placed in a condition to be looked upon admiringly by all the worshippers of Mammon, and be enabled to swell and dash so as to attract observation, and feel the titillative sensation of the head and brain, which is produced by indulging in the manifestation of pride, and which so nearly resembles that state of incipient madness which is first produced by alcoholic intoxication.

Young ladies, instead of looking for conjugal affinity, (we speak generally, admitting honorable exceptions,) have their minds principally occupied with anticipations of an entirely different character. Were we endowed with the capability of reading their minds as we cau books, we should find in them most gorgeous programmes of voluptuous life. We should see a magnificent mansion, with all the unique externals and internals with which taste and art are capable of adorning it. We should see superb carriages, beautiful and richly caparisoned horses and liveried coachman. We should see a continuous routine of pleasure parties and an endless round of delightsome amusements. And we should see a powerful and deceptive animal passion, which is never fastidious in its selection of objects whereupon to sate its sensual appetite, falsely representing itself to be Platonic love. All these we should see in the minds of those young females who entertain exalted notions of the pleasures of high-life; but we should see no provision for anything beyond this life—nothing to fall back upon if the anticipated bliss should fail to be realized—nothing to buoy up the spirit, if poverty, with its haggard visage and all its attendant deprivations, should supersede the vision of fancy and become the palpable and stern reality of life.

With minds thus constituted, what chance is there of forming happy matrimonial connections? What proportion of those who marry, under existing circumstances, can be expected to be united by that conjugal affiinity which will last eternally? The animal passion of which we have spoken makes the object of desire seemingly adorable, till enjoyment quenches it, and then the deception becomes apparent.—Such is marriage in nine cases in every ten, as society is now constituted. What is the remedy? Ah! there's the rub!

Spiritualism and spiritualists teach that the sexes should unite themselves in obedience to the law of conjugal affinity. This is right and rational; but they cannot reconstruct the organization of the social system to which they belong, in a day, a year or a lifetime. The constitutional errors of the system must be remedied by gradual improvement. The commencement must be with those who have not formed matrimonial connections. A single generation will probably do little towards remedying the chronic evil; and it must be borne till time and an improved philosophy shall undo the mischief which blind-eyed selfishness and false philosophy have done.

The doctrine of spiritualists, that matrimonial connections should be formed in strict obedience to the law of conjugal affinity, has been perverted by their traducers, and made to appear, by misrepresentation, to sanction breaches of marriage contracts, which have been entered into and consummated under the laws constituting our present social system. False and slanderous as this representation is, as a general charge, there are not wanting men and women, who pretend to be spiritualists, who openly preach the doctrine of connubial infidelity, and practise what they preach by proving faithless to their marriage vows and forsaking the partners whom they had deliberately chosen, and whom they promised before God, that they would love and cherish during life. These faithless ones avail themselves of the slander which has been propogated by the enemies of spiritualism, falsely pretending to be spiritualists themselves, fraudulently admitting, in the name of spiritualists, that unrestricted sexual intercourse, or "free love," is a principle of modern spiritualism, and going about, Satan-like, seeking whom they may devour, under the guise of this abominable falsehood.

We do not with Rev. A. Ballou unite in the opinion that this moral abomination can be carried on under the cloak of spiritualism, to such an extent as to bring reproach upon the hallowed cause of spiritual intercourse with the nhabitants of earth. None, we believe, can be-found to advocate the summary process of dissolving marriage connections, by forming new ones, contrary to law and decency, but ...se who are faithles and without principle. ...en to ...on. The libidinousness and rank moral corr... The man or the woman who woul... advocate the abandonment of a husband ... wife, under the pretext of obedience to ... law of conjugal affinity, we should deem ... worthy of countenance or confidence in ... capacity, not to be believed under oath, ... unfit to be admitted into respectable ... ciety.

It i... rtainly a great misfortune to those who ha... formed unhappy connections by marriage. ...ut we are confident that it is perfectly practicable for any pair thus united, to accommodate themselves to each other, and live as happily as they could if they were disconnected and each should make another choice. Many there are who could not live happily with an angel from heaven, if such connection were practicable.—Aside from the outrage of public sentiment and the breach of law, moral and civil, what folly it would be for such an one to seek conjugal felicity by a change of partners, And it is our opinion that nearly, if not quite, all those who prove faitless to their first matrimonial engagement, and seek connections unsanctioned by law, morals, and public sentiment, are of this class.

In conclusion, we would impress upon the mind of every true spiritualist, the great importance to the cause in which they are engaged, of promptly repudiating the dangerous and loathsome doctrine of "free love," and utterly disowning, as a brother or a sister, any pretended spiritualist who favors it. Such doctrine tends to the vitiation of morals, to the propogation of licentiousness, to the breaking up of families, and to the great prejudice of society in general. Let us manfully brave all the false charges that are brought against us; but let us beware how we make any of them true, either by our own acts or by recognizing as brothers, sisters, or friends, those who are guilty.

A Wonderful Woman.

Not so very wonderful, neither, for the present age: but woe to her if she had lived in Salem when the puritanical spirit was aroused against the witches. Nothing short of burning could have been her fate.

We allude to Madame Stewart, who is sojourning at the Mansion, in this city, and working what, in other days, would have been denominated miracles, in the mystery of discovering and healing human diseases. We speak that which we *know*, when we affirm that she reads the diseases of those who apply to her, with as much certainty and precision as if a minute description of them were written on the patient's forehead. And we have every reason to believe that she is as truthful in her predictions, as to cure, as she is in her diagnoses. She will not promise to cure unless she is certain; and when she does promise, we are induced to believe she will perform. She turns off many with a promise to help them and lessen their sufferings, but with an honest declar_ation that she cannot cure them.

Mad. S. charges nothing for examinations. Hence her rooms are thronged continually between the hours of 9 A. M., and 9 P. M., and no one, that we have heard of, has left her dissatisfied with the truthfulness of her diagnosis. The process by which she arrives at the knowledge of every shade of disease that affects those who call on her, and by which she knows and tells all their feelings and the practicability or impracticability of cure, is unknown to us, and, for ought we know, to her too. The facts stand out too conspicuously to admit of doubt or cavil. The *why* they are facts, need not concern the invalid who is seeking for health. How long she will remain in Buffalo, she knows not; for the same influence which works these wonders through her, governs her movements with an irresistible impulse.

Will the Doctors Explain this?

Some time in the early part of last spring, the writer was at the house of a neighbor whose daughter is a seeing medium. Whilst sitting together and conversing on the spiritual phenomena, the daughter exclaimed: O, mother! Aunt ——* has just come in and brought a little coffin with a child in it. Ask her whose child it is, said the mother. She did so, and was told that it was the youngest child of the mother's youngest brother, who lived some six or seven hundred miles distant. The spirit informed the medium that the child was then alive and well, but that it would die in a short time. Some two months after this the writer called there again, and they informed him that they had just received a letter from the father of the child, announcing its death. There were several other persons present at the time when the medium saw the coffin and the child brought in, whose names can be had by any one who wishes to make inquiry; and the family, whose name we will communicate verbally to inquirers, will satisfy any one that the letter was received at the time specified.

Now, if the there *kneeologians* or the toe-snapper of the New York *National Democrat*, can bring such cases as this within their philosophy, it will be better worth propagating in France.

* This aunt had been dead many years.

☞ It is unfortunate for politicians that "the old of the moon," has come just at this time. We have had pleasant weather so long that we must look, now, for cloudy nights perhaps for weeks; and, with no moon and so mauy pump-handles sticking out all along the streets, a great many mistakes will be made by hand-shakers returning fram electioneering revels. It it *sometimes* difficult for candidates to distinguish between a pump-handle and one of the hard fists which he has been extolling in his evening harangue.

☞ Look out for one of those lectures, in our next number, which were promised in the programme which we published last week.

The British Exporting Policy.

England is a mighty work-shop—a great laboratory of almost every thing that can bè formed by human hands and human ingenuity. She sends the products of her millions of laboring hands to all the markets of the world, and her capitalists are enriched by the profits made on those hands. But so stringent is the economy of these manufacturing capitalists, that the system turns off an annual amount of pauperism equal in proportion to the chips, ashes, cinders and dross of their work-shops. Here is a great difficulty to be obviated in some way.—The wood-chips and shavings of work-shops serve for fuel. Paupers cannot be thus disposed of. Coal-ashes and cinders can be used in filling up gullies, mud-holes and docks, and in making roads. Paupers are not fit for these uses. The dross or oxide which settles in the fires of blacksmith shops and furnaces, are now, we perceive, coming into use in the manufacture of glass. This hitherto worthless material is very cumulative and has been troublesome to get rid of; but this new application of it will relieve the manufacturer from its cumbrous annoyance, and perhaps he will derive a revenue from it. Worn out men and women cannot thus be turned to account. They are a dead weight on the hands of British capitalists, for they must have something to eat and some kind of apparel to cover their bodies; and they accumulate so fast by the severe service and hard fare of their miserable lives, that all the business and capital of the kingdom has to be roundly taxed in the process of starving them to death gradually.

A measure of relief has at length been adopted by the pauper makers, which is continually throwing the accumulating burden off of their backs. There is said to be a voluntary tax levied on all the manufacturers of the realm, which furnishes a transportation fund, from which paupers are fitted out as emigrants to this country, with sufficient cheap clothing and funds to bring them hither by ship loads. Being totally worn out in the service of the manufacturers at home, they soon find their way into our charity hospitals, almshouses, and pauper establishments, throughout the country. So sumptuously do they fare in these American institutions, when compared with the pauper fare at home, or even with the best fare which their incompetent pittance afforded them before their sinews lost their tension, that they are now presenting themselves for exportation faster than the necessary funds accumulate, and all our pauper and charitable institution are filled with them. Hence we not only furnish them the best market in the world for their manufactured goods, but a receptacle to which they export all their wornout human bones and muscles, to save themselves the expense of keeping them breathing tainted air and starving till death comes for them.

We have no just cause of complaint against Britain for exporting hither as much of her manufactured goods as she can induce our people to buy of her. That is legitimate trade; and if Americans are fools enough to buy of her more than she buys of them, and thereby drain the country of specie as fast as it comes in, they suffer righteously for it, and must either bear the smart or take their fingers out of the fire. But this human feature of the British exportation system, is a most gross imposition upon this country. It is none the less a national outrage because it is done by the manufacturers instead of being done by the government. The latter looks on connivingly and approvingly. Its functionaries all take part in it in their individual and private capacities. The aggregate annual expense to the tax payers of this country, for the support of foreign paupers thus foisted upon them, far exceeds the amount which it costs to support the national government, and constitutes the most fruitful source of oppressive taxation in this country.

We have now submitted to this grievance as long as we should—much longer than is justifiable by the law of self preservation or self respect. It is time that the national government should be called upon to institute some general measure of protection, either by diplomatic arrangement or by statutory enactment. The British government should be willing to enter into a reciprocal arrangement for the exchange of paupers, each paying the expense of the return of their pauper citizens and subjects. None, however, should be allowed to be returned who have been admitted to the rights of citizenship.

In the absence of any such diplomatic arrangement, the general government should institute a system of inspection which should thoroughly protect the country against imposition. No immigrant should be allowed to land without such an examination as will convince the officer appointed for the purpose that such immigrant is not in such a condision as to bodily health and pecuniary circumstances as to render it probable that he or she will soon become a charge upon the pauper institutions of the country.

And in the absence of any such regulations being made by the general government, state and municipal regulations, of a stringent character, should be resorted to. The Bostonians, in the genuine spirit of the old "Tea Party," have already set the example of self protection; and we hope they will be generally emulated, as their honored sires were, by the whole people of the country. When a foreigner comes hither in the full enjoyment of his faculties, though ever so poor in *gear*, if he come to make this his permanent abiding place, and become pauperized by sickness or misfortune, we recognize his right to be supported by the people with whom he came to fraternize. But we should and must protect ourselves against this new and outrageous exportation by our adroit friend Britain.

Constitution.

The most flexible, ductile and elastic of all known substances, is that of which constitutions are made. They can be stretched to any degree of attenuation, hammered into every variety of form, made to cover any legislative atrocity that political corruption finds necessary to carry out its purposes, or so shrivelled and collapsed that they will not afford shelter for legislation which is indispensibly necessary to guard the people against the most destructive moral evils. We have argued that it was the duty of Congress to suppress the importation of alcoholic beverages, and thus set an example to the state legislatures, to put a stop to the liquor traffic, and thereby relieve the country from the most dire plague that ever afflicted a people. But we are met with the assertion that the constitution of the United States, does not authorize Congress to do any such thing. It gives authority, say the objectors, to regulate commerce with foreign countries; but to regulate is not to destroy. To prohibit the importation of alcoholic liquors, would be to destroy that branch of commerce, which Congress is not empowered to do.

We ask, where has the power gone to? It was in the state sovereignties before they relinquished it to the general government. Was it annihilated in the transition? Did the word "regulate," which the constitution uses, put it out of the power of the whole people of the nation, in whom the sovereignty of the country rests, to defend themselves against the ravages which alcohol is making in physical and moral America? What potency there must be in the choice of a single term. Such a constitution would not allow a woman to regulate the affairs of her household, by destroying vermin, or expelling them. She might regulate by putting things out of the way of rats and mice; but she must not destroy them nor stop the holes and shut them out, because this would not be regulating them. The idea that a sovereign people can, by their own act, without subjugating themselves to any other power, disable themselves from eschewing evil and from setting up defences against enemies of any kind, is too preposterous to admit of grave argument. A constitution which would thus cripple the nation, would be a curse instead of a blessing—a shame instead of an honor to the country. The power of protection against all manner of evils, must exist somewhere, because it is inherent in the people and cannot be destroyed. Hence if it does not exist in the state sovereignties, it does exist in the general government, to which it was surrendered.—And it is well known that Congress has used the power repeatedly, by acts of non-intercourse and embargo laws, when we have had difficulties with foreign nations.

It seems that we have a constitution in this state which, at times, is so flexible that it will stretch over the enactment of a law pledging the revenues of the state works for twenty years, for a loan of nine millions of dollars, although its letter forbids any loan to be made to an amount exceeding one million; and at other times it will not allow of the enactment of a law forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors, which is the bane of morals, the source of pauperism and crime, the sole cause of oppressive taxation, and the originator and promotor of nearly all the evils of our social system. What a curse to a state such a constitution must be. We will not, at this late day, go into a criticism of Gov. Seymour's veto message. But we will append a few extracts from the decisions of our most eminent jurists, which conflict with that gentleman's objections to that clumsy law of our legislature, which was prepared with a view to the fate which it met:

In reference to prohibiting the sale, Chief Justice Taney said:

"But although a State is bound to receive and permit the sale by the importer of any article of merchandize, which it authorizes to be imported, it is not bound to furnish a market for it, nor to abstain from the passage of any law which it may deem necessary or advisable to guard the health or morals of its citizens, although such a law may discourage importation, or diminish the profits of the importer, or lessen the revenue of the Government. And if any State deem the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens and calculated to produce idleness, vice, or debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from *prohibiting it altogether*, if it thinks proper.

"It is equally clear that the power of Congress over this subject does not extend further than the regulation of commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States; and that beyond these limits the States have never surrendered their power over trade and commerce, and may still exercise it, from any controlling power on the part of the General Government. Every State, therefore, may regulate its own internal traffic according to its own judgment, and upon its own views of the interest and well-being of its citizens." (5 Howard, 537.)

And in regard to the destruction of property, Mr. Justice McLean said:

"The acknowledged police power of a State extends to the *destruction of property*. A nuisance may be abated. Everything prejudicial to the health or morals of a city may be removed. Merchandize from a port where a contagious disease prevails, being liable to communicate disease, may be excluded; and in extreme cases it may be thrown into the sea."

Mr. Justice Woodbury said:

"After articles have come within the territorial limits of the State, whether on land or on water, the destruction itself of that which constitutes disease and death, and the longer continuation of such articles within their limits—or the terms and conditions of their continuance, when conflicting with their legitimate police, or with their power over internal commerce, or with their power of taxation over all persons and property within their jurisdiction—seems one of the first principles of State sovereignty, and indispensible to public safety." (5 Howard, 630.)

In answer to the argument that the importer purchases the right to sell when he pays duties to the government, Mr. Justice Daniel said:

"No such right as the one supposed by the importer, and no injury in any accurate sense, is inflicted on him by denying to him the power demanded. He has not purchased and can not purchase from the government that which it could not insure him—a sale independently of the laws and policy of the States." (5 Howard, 616.)

And in regard to liquor brought in from other States:

"The law of New Hampshire is a valid law; for although the gin sold was an import from another State, and Congress has already the power to regulate such importations, yet as Congress has made no regulations on the subject, the traffic in the article may be lawfully regulated by the State as soon as it is landed in its territory, and a tax imposed upon it, or a license required, or *the sale altogether prohibited*, according to the policy which the State may suppose to be its interest or its duty to pursue."

Mr. Justice Catron said:

"I admit as inevitable that if the State has the power of restraint by license to any extent, she has the discretionary power to judge of its limit, and may go the length of *prohibiting it altogether*, if such be its policy."

Mr. Justice McLean said:

"If the foreign article be injurious to the health or the morals of the community, a State may, in the exercise of that great and comprehensive power which lies at the foundation of its prosperity, *prohibit the sale of it*." (5 Howard, 592.)

Milk.

This is conceded on all hands to be the most natural, the most nutrimental and the most sanatory food for children. It is almost as necessary to their health and physical developement as the rains and dews of heaven are to the vegetable tribes. Compare children that are bred and raised in cities, where milk is scarce, dear and of bad quality, with those that are bred and raised in the country, where, when they are weaned from the maternal fountain, they have a continual and ample supply of the fresh and pure milk of the kine, and see the superior robustness of the latter. It is true that the purity of the country air exercises some influence in producing the disparity of which we speak. But if we should take two families of children, of equal age and condition, and let them live in the same rural neighborhood, enjoying the same pure air, but feed one family on such food as city children are reared on, and let the other have the common country supply of sweet milk, coarse bread, mush, vegetables and fruits, we should find the physical disparity very nearly as great as we do when the one lives in the city and the other in the country. Children in cities, especially the the male portion of them, will find fresh air and exercise, for they cannot be restrained from going [where there is room to practise their gymnastics. But the wholesome country fare they cannot have; and this deprivation tells upon their physical developements, stinting the bone and muscle, sharpening the features and paling the countenance, as they climb towards the summit of manhood.

There is, generally, a want of the educational facilities, in rural districts, which are necessary to train the youthful mind, develope its propensities and bring its powers into action. In this the youth of cities have greatly the advantage. Could country children enjoy the same facilities of education, it is our opinion that they would as far surpass those who are city bred, in intellectual, as they do in physical powers. If it be true that whatever contributes to the physical health and capabilities, contributes in the same ratio to intellectual health and capabilities, the country-reared child has greatly the advantage in both; and nothing but the want of that continual training of the mind which the city child receives in the common school of his district, keeps the country child from excelling him as much in intellectual proficiency as in physical powers. There are, it is true, many exceptions on both sides, which are attributable to other controlling causes; but the general truth of our position must be admitted.

We shall appear to the reader as having wandered widely from the subject with which we started; but he will perceive in the end, that we have still kept it in view. Our aim has been to show that the substances from which the physical system derives the aliment on which it subsists, has more to do with its soundness and proper developement than any other circumstances of life; that the mind becomes vigorous and capable with the physical system, deriving its superiority—beyond what is hereditary—from the same source; and that the single article—milk—when used generally and freely, in childhood and youth, exercises a more salutary influence in the developement of the system than any, if not all, other articles of food.

With this view of the case, it is a matter of great importance to those who rear families in cities, to provide such food for children as their systems require. The nearest approximation that can be made to the common regimen of rural life, will insure the soundest constitutions and the most vigorous minds. It is, therefore, greatly desirable that an adequate supply of pure milk should be had, and that children should be accustomed to use it constantly and plentifully, instead of the teas, coffees, rich cakes, pastries, confectionaries and strong meats, with which their physical and intellectual systems are so generally surfeited and poisoned in all great cities.

It is a circumstance to be deeply regretted by all the inhabitants of our cities and villages on the Canadian frontiers, that *milk* was not included in the list of articles made free of duty by the reciprocity treaty. It must have been an oversight, or its importance was not properly estimated. We are not certain that the Secretary of the Treasury may not feel authorised by the spirit of the treaty to include that article. If not, congress could not hesitate for a moment to allow it to come in free; nor would the Canadian parliment hesitate to reciprocate.

Political.

We are advised that Daniel Ullman, Esq., of the city of New York, and General Gustavus Adolphus Scroggs, of the city of Buffalo, were nominated by the anti-papists, at their convention lately held in the city of New York, the first for Governor, and the second for Lieut. Governor of the State of New York; and we farther learn that they have accepted the nomi-nations thus tendered them.

We know Mr. Ullman only by reputation, never having seen him that we are aware of.—He is reputed to be a gentleman of ability and moral worth, and unobjectionable, as far as we can see, to all who think as he does and as we do, on the subject of electing and appointing papists to office. On the subject of a restraining liquor law, Mr. Ullman is no farther committed, that we know of, than to be ready to sanction any prohibitory law which shall be enacted by the legislature, and which does not conflict with the constitution of this State, or that of the United States. Nor will he, as we are told, labor to throw the constitution into a state of collapse, to prevent it from covering such a statute as is necessary to protect the people against the demoralizing influence of the tens of thousands of groggeries with which the State is infested.

General Scroggs is well known to us and to the citizens of Buffalo generally, to be a gentleman of highly respectable attainments and unimpeachable moral character. We can trust him with the casting vote in the Senate, on all important questions. His antagonist, on the hard-shell ticket, is also a Buffalonian, and a gentleman of whom we can speak well, from long acquaintance. We shall choose between them, not for personal merits—both being unexceptionable—but for affinity of sentiment.

Foreign News.

Two steamers—the *Union* and the *Europa*—have arrived during the present week. Their news, what there is of it, is up to Sep. 30. Breadstuffs were in a little better demand on account of the falling off of American importations. There was a great deal of fighting *talked of* but none of it had been done. The Crimea expedition had gone, but had not been heard from.—News from it was hourly looked for. Nicholas was about returning sixty thousand troops to the Dobrudscha. So rumor has it. Sir Charles Napier had not yet left the Baltic. It is thought that it will take a pretty heavy draft on the exchequer to pay the difference between the cost of his Baltic operations and the value of his achievements. Se far, this has been the tamest war that was ever carried on so long between four powerful nations.

New Publications.

The Virginia Comedians; or Old Days in the Old Dominion. Edited from the MSS. of C. Effingham, Esq.

From the cursory glance we have taken of this work, it appears to be a very pleasantly written romance, delineating the character of the chivalry of the Old Dominion anterior to, and at the commencement of, the revolution. A good physician would recommend a work like this as a cordial to the jaded mind of one who thinks laboriously, or who devotes himself too intensely to scientific or philosophical studies. We are not of those who condemn all light reading and light conversation, provided they are free from all moral taint. Relaxation—amusement, is as necessary to the health of the mind as rest and change of exercises, are to the health of the body.

It is for sale at the bookstore of O. G. Steele & Co.

Two Victims.—A correspondent of the Standard, who signs himself "Northern Vermont," makes a "statement of facts," of which the substance is that a young man—name not given—acquired a habit of drinking liquor, and was attacked with the delirium tremens, and died suddenly. While dying, a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married came in and immediately became insane. The correspondent says:—

"She would visit his grave just as often and just as long as she was permitted to. One cold rainy day, we saw her spread her umbrella and even shawl over his grave, and stand for a long time exposed to the peltings of a heavy storm. Reader, you that are incredulous, or curious call on the editor, and he will give you my address privately; then give me a call, and I will show the evergreen cross she wove, on that occasion and placed over his grave. I will show you both their graves now, and tell you the name to those beneath. She died above one week ago. It was thought she took poison; but the post mortem examination did not confirm the suspicion. The verdict should be "murdered!"

A Prohibitory Liquor Law in Canada.—The Montreal *Pilot* says that a resolute effort is now being made by the advocates of temperance, in the Canadian Provinces, for the enactment of law to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks. The probability is, that the effort will be successful, for when the proposition was last brought before Parliament, it was lost but by a single vote, and since then a large number of candidates have pledged themselves, that if a sufficient number of petitions are presented to show the unequivocal approval of the people, a majority of members will vote for the law. Thus the enactment of the law depends chiefly upon the people.

Preserving Butter.—The farmers of Aberdeen, Scotland, are said to practice the following method of curing their butter, which gives it a great superiority over that of their neighbors:

Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one ounce of common salt petre; take one ounce of this composition for one pound of butter, work it well into the mass and close it up for use. The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich, marrowy consistency and fine color, and never acquires brittle hardness or tastes salty. Dr. Anderson says: "I have eaten butter cured with the above composition that has been kept for three years and it was as sweet as at first." It must be noted, however, that butter thus cured requires to stand three weeks or a month before it is used. If it is sooner opened, the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards.

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Appeal and Confession of Fogarty.

In our last number, we promised our readers the appeal and confession of the spirit of Fogarty, the Irishman who was executed in this city for the murder of a farmer whose name was Brown. The appeal which precedes the confession, it will be seen, is to the bishop and priest who took his confession in the prison, begging them to make it public, and affirming that he can never progress till his confession of the crime is allowed to go forth to the world. As we said in our last number, the delivery of the appeal and confession occupied six sittings in as many different evenings; so slow is the process of pointing to the alphabet and taking the letters one at a time, as the raps indicate them:

"I wish you to convey my message to the Bishop and Priest, who sent me to this beautiful home, the most miserable of sinners."

MESSAGE.

"Oh! what happiness might have been mine, had it not been for thee! O, thou tyrannical and unfeeling men! Thus crushed, and forsaken by all the ties of affection, I sought for consolation in the Catholic faith, in the professional kindness of thy hearts; but, alas! the sacred boon could not be given! and thus I perished 'midst the wintry winds of life, with not a heart to mourn o'er my sad fate, or weep at my downfall. Yet mine was an uncomplaining submission. When brought to pay the penalty of your rigid laws, the saddened expression of my countenance told too well that grief and fear were busy at my heart—that I was afraid to die with such a falsehood upon my dying lips. Did's't thou not implore God to overlook my imperfections and forgive my sins? I respond, thou didst. Yea, thou didst say more—ye did say, from the inmost guilt of thy heart, that, should I not confess, I would bloom in another, brighter home, where sorrows are unknown and cares are forgotten—like the rose when it blooms so sweetly, fearing no rude hand will snatch it from its home of beauty. Yes, though you may scorn, and the world deride this heartfelt message, and embitter it with your sarcastic frivolity, yet it will not be less pure. I come to you, oh, you unkind, yet kind men, to claim one tear of sympathy—to ask of you one act of justice.—It is this: that you make known to the world my confession. Until this is done, I must still dwell in darkness. Then come—Oh! come—let pity touch one gentle cord of thy heart! Let its solemn strain reverberate through earth till the truth shall be made known, and I made happy in consequence thereof. Do this, and thy crime shall be obliterated from the past, thy future shall be brighter, and thy reward shall be here in the home of angels. If you do not do this, I must still remain in darkness, as I now am, unless I can, by controlling mediums, relieve myself of this dreadful guilt. But it will take a long, long time ere I can make the truth known to the world, without your assistance. Then, oh! would you have me suffer on, in this beautiful home, knowing that you can alleviate my sufferings? I know too well that you will laugh and scorn at my pleadings, and will stand ready to secretly wreak your vengeance upon whoever may have had anything to do with this, as it may be too severe for your patient endurance.

I was young and uneducated, easily influenced; yet had my native virtues been unfolded by the cheering sun of prosperity, I might have been a man. But a fatal blight had fallen on my cherished hopes; poverty held me in its withering grasp; exhausting toil had depressed my spirits. The world seemed dark and dreary, and I felt like a bubble cast on the ocean of humanity, to linger for a moment, and then sink beneath its waves. I had no one to love me—no mother's soothing voice bade me look forward to the broad field of honorable enterprize. My father—where were his kind advisings? Alas! I knew them not. Where were my brothers—sisters? Let the echo of their own hearts respond. Where were my friends? I had no faithful ones. Cans't tell where vile associates were, within the boundaries of thy own church? I can tell: around their accustomed haunts, the low, filthy grog shops, where swine might blush to acknowledge they had been. And oh, I must still stoop to a more painful task: I must be classed among the number that assembled at these holes, unfit for living creatures. It was this that plunged me into one of the blackest of crimes, and sent me to an early grave, unprepared to meet the change.

THE CONFESSION.

"A woman, called Mary, with whom I was intimate, was the cause of the murder of Brown. It was one fine moonlight night, when she and myself, with others, were on a spree. During the evening all became intoxicated, and a dispute arose which should foot the bill. I had not a cent. Thus I became involved in difficuly, as I first called for the liquor. And they told me I must pay or they would get the police after me; and I must either pay or be sent to the place where such fellows are cared for. So I thought rather than be put in prison, I would have the money if I had to steal it. So I did steal more than enough to pay the bill, of one of my associates, and left for home.

On our way, Brown went by us, and said good evening—this is a fine night for sleighing, and drove on. After Brown passed, Mary asked me if I knew him. I replied, not very well, but know Jim Brown. She said, this man is Jim's father. I then asked her if she knew him. She replied: yes, he is a rich farmer, and is on a speculating journey, on his produce, and is now going to Buffalo to make money; and probably will return much fatter in the pocket; and here is a good haul for some poor devil. Now, Fogarty, I'll make a proposition, and let's see what you think of it. You are poor—I am poor; and, damn it, why not be richer? If people will not give us work whereby we may earn an honest livelihood, we must live. We are proud, and are looked upon as mere specks, and if we must live, let us live like folks; if not by fair means, by foul.—Now, Brown will come back in a few days, and, between you and I, let's rob him. I will watch his return and give you the signal, and you must stand ready to obey orders. And if it becomes necessary for you to fight, be sure and strike him over the temples. This will cause him to be insensible, and then you can rob him; and I will be passing by accidentally, and will alarm the people, and I will swear it was some one else; and thus you can escape.

Now, answer me, yes or no; will you do it? If you do not, I will, as sure as there is a God above, wreak my vengeance on you, by fouler means. I have you at last in my power. Do it, or you shall die. I pleaded with all the earnestness of my nature, to not do this wicked act. She laughed and called me a damned coward, and said I was fit to be an American. This was too much for me to bear. I told her I would do it. O, how mean a woman can be, when fallen and disrespected by the world. I having promised her I would commit the robbery, we soon arrived home; she promising to find accomplices, and give notice of Brown's arrival at the place selected for robbing him. I did not see her again till she called me to action.

Myself and another man, whose name I forbear to mention, with our female ringleader, secreted ourselves behind a log in the corner of the fence, waiting for our prey to come. We waited some two hours for him. He came at last, and between the hours of two and three, we saw him approaching. Not a soul was near save my wicked companions.

As he came along, I stole from my hiding place and walked towards him. I met him, and he bestowed so kind a look upon me, that the blood seemed chilled in my veins. My heart quailed beneath that pleasant look and 'good day, friend.' I said good day, and commanded him to deliver his money. He asked me by what authority I claimed his money. I said, none of your God damn business. He said, be careful or you shall know who I am. I said, I don't care a damn who you are, but want your money. He refused to give it. I collared him. He clinched me. We both fell, he being uppermost.

My male accomplice, seeing my disadvantage, came from his hiding place, and struck Brown across the forehead, just above the eyes, with a club. He rolled over, groaned piteously, and straightened out, apparently dead.—Both of my friends deserted me at this dreadful moment, and fled, I know not wither. I saw then my wretched position; and I saw the muscles quiver in that prostrate form. I knew my fate was dreadful.

I waited no longer; but planted my foot upon his throat, and shattered the citadel of life—murdered a human being! I dragged him to the Railroad track, and found a hole under the track, which, by being enlarged, would contain his body. So I took a club and knocked the hole larger, sufficient to hold this lump of clay. I *squoze* the body in and concealed it so that no one could discover it, unless they should take particular pains to find it, and left the awful place.

Had hell opened its door and I been plunged into fire and brimstone, I should not have suffered as much as I did when I met the innocent smiles and happy hearts of the world. I asked no better fate than to dwell in misery; but to see myself, who would fain have been a better boy, strung up in the air, with a rope around my neck, and there to be suspended until dead, and see those who had a deeper and fouler stain upon their souls, go unpunished, was too much. But law does not, in all instances, seek out the source of crime; and such was the fact in the present case, which has been given you, by the one who should have been the least to blame.

But enough—you have a minute recital of my career connected with an awful crime, which is the cause of this dreadful guilt. Oh! it is too painful to continue—rest awhile. I did not take the money, nor do not know where it went to. Amid the conflicting scenes of the few moments, I forgot the money. Whoever has it can tell who they are better than I. I have no more to say.

Fogarty.

A New French Floral Wonder.—For some time past the scientific world has been busied with the preparation and staining of woods—hardening or coloring them at will; infusing certain salts or mingling some liquid preparation with their sap. We have now something better than all this. A lady artist who has attained high rank in the art of flower painting—Madame Leprince de Beaufort, a pupil of Redoute, and granddaughter of the former Secretary of Louis XVI.—has discovered a mode of perpetual preservation—we may call it *instantaneously mummyfying*—both trees and flowers. Thanks to this process, a tree may now be kept ever green, and flowers always fresh and brilliant! M. Ganuel who dried you up to make you everduring, is at length surpassed. The discovery is to be applied, it is said, to the flower-trade that even in the midst of winter our fashionable friends will be enabled to wear the gayest flowers in all the pomp and elegance of their summer magnificence.—*Boston Transcript.*

Awful Catastrophe.

Collision and loss of the Collins Steamer Arctic. Between three and four hundred lives lost.

The Arctic came in collision with a propeller some sixty miles off Cape Race, and both vessels are supposed to have gone to the bottom.—The loss of life above named does not include any that may have been lost in the destruction of the propellor. Of her nothing is known, only that she seems to have disappeared from the surface of the ocean. The latest rumor is that she was the Cleopatra, from Quebec, for Liverpool, with a regiment of Highlanders on board. We give the account of the second officer of the Steamer, who was one of the thirty-two who were saved:

The following statement of the loss of the Arctic by Mr. Balham, the 2d officer, appeared in an extra Halifax paper on Tuesday.

Mr. B. and the other officers and passengers saved in the two boats arrived at Broad Cove, and reached here on Tuesday.

On Wednesday, 28th, at noon, Cape Race bearing north-west 65 miles distant, while running in a very thick fog, were struck on the starboard bow, about sixty feet abaft the cutwater, by an iron steamer, which made three large holes—two below the water—one of which was about 5½ feet in length and 1 or 1½ feet wide, leaving the whole cutwater and stem of the iron steamer clear through the Arctic's side.

So dense was the fog that the vessel could not be seen a minute before the collision. The helm was put hard to starboard, the engine was stopped instantly and backed at full speed until clear of the other steamer, which occupied about two minutes.

The French steamer seemed to be sinking bow first. Capt. Luce immediately gave orders to clear away the quarter boat, which was done, and Mr. Gourley, chief officer, left the Arctic in charge of the starboard boat. On lowering the port boat the Captain exclaimed, "hoist up that boat again." Mr. Balham then beckoned me to go down to him. Upon doing so he told me to go over the bow, to ascertain if possible what damage had been done.

I then found the holes above mentioned.—Upon informing him of the facts, he gave orders to get sails up to try and get them around the bow to stop the leak, which was promptly done, but to no advantage whatever. So much of the bow and iron was broken off from the other steamer that the sails could not be brought to the vessel's side.

A carpenter was then lowered down over the vessel's side, and pillows and mattrasses passed down to him, to try if possible to force them in, but the leak was found to be so far below the water line that they could not be got in, and every exertion to stop the leak proved unavailing. Capt. Luce then ordered the ship's head to be kept N. W. by W. By this time we had lost sight of the Chief Officer's boat, and the other steamer which we supposed had sunk.

We had not been on our course more than four or five minutes before she ran over a boat and crew belonging to the other vessel, all of whom perished except one who caught hold of a rope hanging over the bow. Directly the boat was seen, orders were given to stop the engine which the chief engineer said could not be done as the ship was fast sinking.

In about 30 minutes all the lower fires were out and at least three feet of water in the ship fore and aft.

By this time, the confusion among the passengers was very great, but they used all efforts to assist the crew in keeping the deck pumps going, and in lighting the ship forward, for the purpose of endeavoring to get at the leak from inside, which was found to be useless, and numbers of them going into the boats, which were still hanging to the davits. In 45 minutes after the collision I came up from the forehold and informed the Captain that water was on a level with the lower deck beam, and that it was impossible to get at the lead.

I asked him what he thought would be the fate of the ship, when he stated his belief to me that there was no hope of saving her. He then told me to see to my boats. On going to those on the port side I found them completely filled with men, women and children, and no possibilty of getting near them. I immediately went to the starboard side and ordered two of the crew to lower the guard boat, and asked the captain what were his intentions. He replied that the ship's fate should be his.

I then asked him if he would not allow his son to go, as I intended to take a boat, but he returned me the answer that he should share his fate. It was soon discovered that there was no hope of saving the Arctic, and the lady daughter and son of Mr. E. K. Collins, with several ladies were put on board a boat, in the act of which, one of the tackles gave way and all except one lady, who clung to a sailor holdfast to the boat were precipitated into the sea and lost.

I then jumped into a boat and was ordered by the Captain to cut away the tackle falls and drop under the stern. I did so, and at the same time about 20 persons jumped overboard, of whom 17 or 18 were picked up. We fell in with another boat which had been lowered from the other side and lightened her of part of her load, leaving 19 in her and 26 in my own boat.

The last sight we had of the ship, her guards were level with the water and the surface of the sea was covered with human beings who had jumped or fallen overboard, to whom, however, it was impossible to render any assistance, and we soon lost sight of them all, as the fog continued to be very dense.

I then asked the boat's crew whether they were willing to be governed by me, which was unanimously assented to, and I was put into complete command of said boats. We were then about 60 miles south-east of Cape Race. Deeming it my duty to take the nearest course, for the safety of all, after pulling for 40 hours, with nothing to guide us but the run of the sea, which I took to be heavy from the south, and in a thick fog, which lasted all the time, we reached Broad Cove, some 12 miles north of Cape Race.

We then proceeded by land to Renews, which we reached on Friday last. I then obtained and took charge of a small schooner, which was hired by the purser and myself, and went immediately in search of the wreck or the boats. We cruised round in a strong gale of wind from Northeast, but discovered no trace of the ship or boats.

I sent word to Capt. Leitch, of the City of Philadelphia, acquainting him with the catastrophe, and I am informed that he sent off two vessels which he had employed about his own ship. Mr. Allen Goodridge, of Renews also, sent away a vessel on Saturday evening.

It is with the greatest regret I have to report that no trace of the Arctic or the boats could be found, but as there were many vessels in the neighborhood it is not at all improbable that many lives may have been saved.

There is no doubt in my mind of the total loss of the Arctic.

List of Saved.—Messrs. Ward, Du Pasnen, F. T. De Crynn, W. A. Young, W. Gilson, jr., W. W. Gilbert, W. P. Rathbone, H. Moore, E. Mitchelra, T. Hennesy, J. McMath, Geo. Dowds, E. M. Joss, J. Bogart, C. Dulanil.

Crew Saved—Jno. L. Cribb, purser, Wm. Balhalen, 2d mate, Mark Graham, fourth mate, John Deynae, 1st Assistant Engineer, David Reed, boatswain's mate, and the following seamen: Allen, Weeks, Lynn, Davis, Humphreys, Tupper, Page, Jones, McGee, McRath, Blake, Fleming, Bailey, Thomas, Smith, and Jotness. Carpenters and firemen, Messrs. Cannon, Egan, Larkin, Mahon and Mercer, Howick a bed room servant, Warrington, Kaal and Baker, waiters.

Signed, WM. BAHLAM, Second Officer.

☞ Let those who read Fogarty's appeal and confession, bear in mind that he was uneducated and could not put language together in conformity with all the rules of grammatical construction.

Great Excitement in Ireland.

Diabolical Attempt to throw a Railway Train with a Protestant Association—(900 Persons)—over a precipice! Loss of Life—the Killed and Wounded—A Scene of Horror. The Roman Catholics suspected of the Crime. A number of Persons Arrested on Suspicion.

A most atrocious outrage having its origin in the Irish Catholic and Protestant feuds, had caused much indignation throughout all England and Ireland, when the steamer left. An excursion train with *nine hundred* passengers, including most of the Protestant gentry of the country, had been on a visit from Enniskillen to Londonderry, and on returning at night the train was thrown off the track by huge blocks of stone placed so as to throw the cars over a precipitous embankment. Owing to the caution of Lord Enniskillen, who placed himself on the engine with the driver, the train was proceeding at a very slow pace, otherwise the consequences must have been fearful. As it was several persons were killed and wounded.

The London *Morning Herald* characterizes the affair as an attempt at a "Romish massacre of Protestants." The *Times* alludes to it as intended to be a repetition of "St. Bartholemew's."

The statement in the *Herald* says—

"To enable you better to understand the nature of the occurence, I may premise that about a fortnight since a number of the Apprentice Boys of Derry took advantage of the recently opened line of railway between Derry and Enniskillen to pay a visit to the latter town, a natural proceeding enough when we consider the positions these towns relatively bear in Irish story. On that occasion the visit passed over auspiciously and with great enthusiasm. Shortly afterwards an invitation came from the men of Derry to those of Enniskillen, requesting that they should reciprocate the compliment by visiting the maiden city. Accordingly on Friday, the 15th inst., an excursion train, containing nearly a thousand persons, the most respectable inhabitants of Enniskillen and the neighborhood, headed by the Earl of Enniskillen, left for Derry.

The weather proved auspicious, and everywhere along the line were the excursionists greeted in a most enthusiatic manner.

Be it observed the excursionists carried no banner, nor had they any music with them.

On reaching Derry all the respectable inhabitants of the place, the mayor, ten of the magistrates, the dean and the Protestant clergy, turned out to meet them, passing a day delightfully from the harmony and good will which marked it. The excursionists started for Enniskillen at a quarter past 5 P. M. Nothing in particular marked the homeward journey save fresh tokens of good will from the loyal inhabitants of the district through which they passed. They were not, however, destined to reach Enniskillen without being made to feel that to God alone they should be indebted for deliverance from the hands of ferocious and cowardly enemies. When the train had arrived within 14 miles of its destination, the occupants of it were startled by a sudden shock. On getting out, they found to their dismay that their lives had hung upon a hair; as, far beneath they discovered the engines (two in number) hurled off the line, and providentially brought to a standstill from the softness of the ground in which they were. The place selected for this diabolical attempt at wholesale massacre was admirably adapted for the purpose, as it it was at the brink of a precipice all but perpendicular. The night also was extremely dark. On making an examination, it was discovered that one poor man was crushed to peices, and two others had both legs broken.

Lord Enniskillen, who unfortunately was on the second engine, had a most miraculous escape, being discovered jammed between the second engine and the first carriage, and suffering fearfully from the steam which was scalding him. Fortunately none of the carriages were dragged off the line.

The cause of this occurrence was soon discovered, stones some cwts. in weight, were found on the rails, which were themselves unscrewed for several yards, and thus, from the fiendish machinations of bloodthirsty Romanists, some 900 persons—men, women and children—were brought into the very jaws of death, and being preserved from their great peril by a merciful Providence, found themselves cast adrift in the darkness of the nignt, and at a distance of upwards of 14 miles from their homes. However, the same God who protected them hitherto led them on, and all reached Enniskillen in safety; many—even females and children—being obliged to go on foot.

Is not this a proof that Popery is true to her boast, "That she is unchanged, and unchangeable;" still animated by the spirit which breathed in her at the time of the Gunpowder Plot, and that where she has the way she wants not the will to extirpate what she calls heresy, after her own peculiar fashion.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the outraged Protestants for refraining from taking revenge; had they done so, many a Romanist would have bitter cause to rue the occurrence; but be it said, not one angry word passed their lips. All were deeply engaged in offering up praise to their Maker for their deliverance.

But this is no reason why government should not look to it, and beware how they leave the Protestants of Ulster to avenge themselves.—Several have been arrested on suspicion, and it is to be hoped that a clue may be found to the instigators and perpetrators of this foul deed.

It now appears that, for days previous to the excursion, dark hints were thrown out by the Romanists in the town and neighborhood as to the probable fate of the train. Unfortunately the Protestants could not credit the existence of such villainy, and disregarded the mutterings of the coming storm.

A correspondent of the Dublin Evening Mail, writing from Enniskillen on the 19th maintains that there is but one opinion there and in the county of Tyrone on the nature of the recent outrage, and it is this:—

"That it was a deeply laid Popish conspiracy to send 700 or 800 Protestants to an untimely grave. Whe had not left here in the morning an hour when it was broadly asserted through town that we would not all return as we went. Every precaution was used along the line by the railway company, except sending a pilot engine. The unfortunate man that was killed well knew that some trap would be laid for us; and, conjecturing where, was going at a very slow rate when he met with the obstruction.—An ordinary train passed about 40 minutes before us, all right. None of our party displayed flags, banners, or colors, but we were Protestants, and that was enough.

Well Said.

A lady of San Francisco, being invited to send in a toast to be read at the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, furnished the following. It is spicy enough to flavor half a dozen dinners:

"The 'Pilgrim Fathers,' forsooth! What had they to endure to the Pilgrim Mothers? It is true they had hunger, and cold, and sickness, and danger—foes without and within.—But the unfortunate Pilgrim Mothers! They had not only all these to endure, but they had the Pilgrim Fathers also; and yet their names are never mentioned. Who ever heard of the Pilgrim Mothers? Who ever gave a dinner in honor of them? Who ever writes songs, drinks toasts, and makes speeches in recollection of them? The self-sufficiency on the part of men is beyond endurance. One would actually suppose that New England had been colonized by men, and posterity provided for by a special act of Providence! Only Mrs. Hemans has volunteered to insinuate that there was a woman in the case—that the Mayflower ever brought anything but men across the Atlantic. I assure you, my dear friends, that I am perfectly disgusted with the self conceit of the men.—They appropriate everything to themselves—even to the settlement of a colony, and the peopling of the whole continent. I did hope there was one prerogative they would leave to woman. We have submitted quietly to their inventions in superceding us in many things, but we will not tamely submit to be deprived of this only privilege; we will not be deluded into the belief that New England was settled and peopled entirely by Pilgrim Fathers. How could they have been Fathers if there had been no mothers? And I hope, dear Captain, that I have succeeded in convincig you that you will be lending yourself to an act of injustice towards us if you do not propose for your toast, 'The Pilgrim Mothers.'"

Table-moving Extraordinary.—Dr. J. F. Gray, of this city, relates the following singular case of table-moving which occured at his house some time ago: A circle which had assembled had been consulting with the Spirits, but had then withdrawn from the table and were conversing with each other. While totally unexpecting any farther spiritual phenomena, the table, which was standing about twenty five feet from the person nearest to it, started upon its castors and rolled directly to them, the circle opening and receiveing it in its midst as it approached. After this a small sofa, which was also standing at some distance from them, was carried bodily through the air and set down in their midst, by an invisible power, when, by srtiking with one end upon the floor, it spelled out a communication to them. Wonder where the table and sofa got their "involuntary powers of mind" to do these things?—*Spiritual Telegraph.*

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Flour, extra,	per bbl.	$8.55@9.00
" com. to good, West'n,	"	8.50@8.75
" per sack,	"	4.25@4.38
Pork, mess,	"	14.00
" prime,	"	12.00@1250
Fish, white,	"	8.00
Salt, fine,	"	1.75
" coarse,	"	1.87½
"	hlf "	4.25
" trout,	"	8.00
" "	hlf "	4.25
Eggs,	per doz.	12½@16
Butter,	per lb.	20
Honey,	"	12½@15
Cheese,	"	7@ 8c.
Blackberries, dried,	"	10
Plums "	"	12½
Cherries, "	"	12½@14
Currants, "	"	6¼
Corn,	per bush.	65
Oats,	"	40@42
Apples, dried,	"	1.00
" green,	"	37½@50
Potatoes,	"	75
Onions,	"	75@87
Chickens, each,	"	12½@15

Poetry.

Kitty Neil—An Irish Melody.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALKER.

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from your wheel,
Your neat little foot will be weary, from spinning;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning;
The sun has gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green-shaded alley.

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
So she couldn't but choose to—go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil,
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing."

Now Felix McGee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion;
With a whoop and a bound the lads patter the ground—
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

"Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your nicely turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful, yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
'Dance light on my heart! it lies under thy feet, love!'"

Letters on Popery.

We select the following from a series of letters addressed to Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, over the signature of "Kirwan," supposed to be by a protestant clergyman in New Jersey, who is, as he represents, a dissenter from the Romish church. He is, as the reader will see, perfectly familiar with the tenets of the papish faith, the hierarchal government and discipline, the power of the Pope, the enslaved condition of the laity, and the stultifying and degrading effect which Romanism everywhere exercises upon the mass of its votaries. The writer is evidently a man of great ability; one who has a power of intellect, a profundity of thought, a perception of truth and an independence of soul, which, like the limbs of the Nazarite, could not be bound by the withes of Popery when he arrived at maturity. There are many such minds bred in Ireland; but they cannot breathe the atmosphere of Popery. The following is the fifth of the series:

MY DEAR SIR:—In my last letter, in which I stated to you the process of my mind in its transition from Popery to Infidelity, I asserted that the effect of your religion is, to make the masses superstitious, and the intelligent infidels, in all the countries where it predominates.—The truth of this assertion is self-evident to the well-read mind, and the briefest consideration will make its truth apparent to all.

How stands the matter in our own country? Who attend your Confessional and your Masses in New York? How many of the educated Irish, French, or Germans, ever whisper at your knees their sins, or ever bow at your altars to receive your wafers on their tongues, believing them to "be Jesus Christ himself, true God and true man," and believing that he is "truly, really and substantially present" in them? How many of these go to your churches? Let anybody, wishing to know, stand at the door of St. Peter's or St. Patrick's, on the Sabbath, and examine the multitudes who attend these places, and they will soon learn.—And even when an intelligent person is seen mixing with those who attend on your masses, he goes merely through the force of habit, or to wait upon a female relative. Permit me to say that, with an acquaintance somewhat extended in our country, I know not a single layman, of any repute for learning or science, who believes in your distinguishing doctrines.—There are some, I allow, of high standing and character who are nominally Catholics, but who, I learn upon inquiry, are but nominally so. And the nominally Catholic is really an infidel.

And how stands the case as to Ireland, the land of our birth, where seven of her nine millions of people are Roman Catholics? Whilst its masses are with your church, is not its mind in opposition to it? And what has kept the mind of Ireland from being infidel, but the fact that the religion of the Bible stands out there with a greater or less degree of prominence in opposition to the religion of the priest? Thank God the Irish massacre did not exterminate Protestantism in the "fairest isle of the ocean."

And how stands the case in France, where your church, Nero-like extinguished the lights of truth, and caused the blood of the Huguenots to run like water? Popery has managed France in its own way, without any let or hindrance, and what has been the result? It legislated God out of existence—decreed religion to be a fable, and death to be an eternal sleep. Knowing nothing of religion but what it learned through the unmeaning rites of your church, and by the carnal policy of your priests, it sought to erase every trace of it from existence. And although France has recovered from the intoxication of the maddening bowl, and has arisen to order from the wild chaos into which Popery plunged it, its mind is yet infidel. Voltaire is the pope of the mind of France, and Sue is the high priest of the people. Your dumb show of imposing ceremony is there esteemed, not as solemn, but as farcial; and upon your rites but few attend save the peasantry and the women. And the world should hold the Papal church accountable for all the horrors of the French Revolution.

What is thus true of France is yet more true of the other Papal countries of Europe.—If the nobility of Spain, Portugal, Austria, or Italy, are less infidel than in France, it is because they are less educated. Their masses are superstitious—their educated men, including many of their clergy, are infidels—and their men of fortune and spirit live without any moral restraint. Popery brings no moral influence to bear upon the mind and conscience of any people. In the proportion that its influence is strong, do people and nations sink in the intellectual, social and moral scale.

That you yourself, dear sir, may see this, sit down and candidly compare Connaught and Ulster, in Ireland. In the one, Popery almost exclusively prevails; in the other, Protestantism is in the ascendancy. What a difference between them! Compare Ireland and Scotland—and although the land of St. Patrick is far richer than St. Andrew, yet how heaven-wide the difference between them! Compare Spain with England—Italy with Prussia—Rome with Edinburgh—Belfast with Cork; how wide the difference! Come across the Atlantic, and continue the comparison on our own Western continent. Compare Mexico to New England—Brazil to these United States—the city of Mexico to that of Boston, or New York, or Cincinnati! How great the contrast! Come yet nearer home: compare the worshippers at St. Peter's in Barclay street with those at St. Paul's in Broadway;—compare the attendants on your own ministry at St. Patrick's with those who worship God at the Brick Church, or at La Fayette place, or at University Place. How wide the difference intellectually, socially, morally! And why is it that Papal countries and communities thus suffer when contrasted with other communities where there is an unshackled conscience and an open Bible. There must be some general law or cause in operation to produce results so uniform. What is that law or cause? Sir, it is the influence of that system of religion which you are seeking with so much zeal and ability to extend. The traveller in Europe need not be told when he crosses the lines that separate Papal from Protestant states; the obvious marks of higher civilization declare the transition with almost as much plainness as would a broad river or a chain of mountains. Popery, with infallible certainty, degrades man. Do you ask how? In this wise.

It takes from him the Bible, the revealed will of God, with all its clear light, with all its high motives to excite the soul to high and holy action; and without which neither civilization nor religion can be long maintained.—Papal countries are countries without the Bible.

It withholds from the people all right moral instruction. It suppresses the preaching of the gospel, and substitutes for it the dumb show of the Mass. The Apostles turned the world upside down by preaching; but in Papal countries there is no preaching. I venture the assertion that there are multitudes of Catholic churches in Catholic countries where a sermon would be as great a rarity as would be the saying of mass in a Scottish kirk! And it is not one of the wonders of the day, that the present Pope, the pretended successor to that warm-hearted preacher, Peter, *has preached a sermon*, the first preached by a Pope in three hundred years!! Could Peter return to Rome, unless his long absence from the body has cooled his generous but impetuous spirit, I am afraid he would treat his pretended successors as roughly as he once did Malchus.

It withholds from the people the benign influences of Christianity, the great element in the development of civilization. It withholds the Bible;—the sermon;—it has instituted a worship which wants nothing of heathenism but the name;—that worship is performed in a language now unspoken by any living people;—it excludes all reading from the people but such as the priest permits;—acting on the principle that ignorance is the mother of devotion, it erects no schools for the instruction of the common mind;—it substitutes the feast day for the Sabbath,—the saints and the Virgin Mary for the Saviour;—confessions and penances, for faith in Christ;—and reverence for places, unmeaning rites, relics, for the fear of God. Sir, I say it with deep sorrow, Popery is not Christianity. It is a fearful perversion of the religion of God; and for the evidence of these assertions I again point you to its influence upon the people where there is nothing to counteract it. It has degraded the once noble Castilian, till there is now none so mean as to do him reverence;—Italy, once the seat of empire, it has reduced to feebleness;—and the once chivalrous Italian, who carried the eagles of his couuntry to the extremes of the world, to an ignoble slave. And it has rendered our noble-hearted, noble-minded, impulsive countrymen, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water in the countries to which they emigrate. The degradation of Ireland, which has made it a by-word, I charge upon Popery. If the priests of Ireland would give the quarter of what they receive for praying souls out of Purgatory, to the sustaining of common schools among the people, there might be three or more such schools sustained in every parish in that bleeding, famishing, yet noble country; and its sons would have an opportunity of rising to that position to which their native wit, eloquence and genius entitle them.

These, sir, are, in brief, my reasons for asserting that the effect of your religion is to make the masses of your people superstitions. They have no intelligent views of God. They know nothing about the plan of salvation.—Sacraments and ceremonies exert an undefined mysterious influence. The priest exerts a ghostly, fearful power, before which the ignorant believer slavishly crouches, and of which he stands far more in awe than he does of the God who has made him.

And the very causes which render the masses superstitious, operate in an opposite dlrection upon the intelligent, and drive them into infideliiy. They reason about your doctrines as the Earl of Musgrave is said to have done with a priest who was sent to him by James II. of England, to convert him to Popery.—"Sir," said he," I have convinced myself by much reflection that God made man; but I cannot believe that man can make God."

My dear sir, the days of Popery are numbered. The Bible is against it. Civilization is against it. The mind of the world is against it. Good people now pray for its downfall as earnestly as they do for that of Mahometism. It may live through centuries yet to come; but it will be as Judaism now lives; or as Paganism lived in many dark corners of the Roman world long after its conversion to the Christian faith. But my own fear is that the Papal world, both as to its mind and its masses, will become suddenly infidel, as in France, and then pour down its legions upon the church of God, to blot it out of existence.—The Romish church is one of the "gates of hell" which has poured forth armies of the aliens in opposition to the church of Christ; but it has never, nor will it ever, prevail against it.

With great respect. yours,

KIRWAN.

Wheel in Wheel.

Take the most powerful microscope that man can invent, and bring it to bear upon the smallest insect that the human sight can detect, and you will find that its flesh is interspersed with others still more minute. How far this chain of things goes no finite mind can calculate.

Yet in its little sphere each seems to be what we term a free agent. Here behold an insect many thousand times too minute for human ken, unaided, to behold. See, he moves, collects his little store of luxuries and feasts thereon. He looks around in the little cell that contains him, and wonders at the vastness of his home—as the man looks from zenith to the monstrous speck of matter upon which he stands, thence from the eastern to the western horizon. But enlarge the view. The miniature world in which he appears so insignificant, is but a minute cell in the flesh of another insect. He, too, moves on, unconscious of any control, and equally unconscious of furnishing a thousand ephemeral beings with houses and spheres of action proportionately equal with his own. Could he but look through the mighty eye of a house fly, he would discover that he moved without restraint in the minute but comparatively capacious cell in the blooming cheek of some fair damsel, who skips unconscious of the toiling throng with whom she is so intimately connected. The daughter of the earth looks abroad upon the mighty throng of its inhabitants with amazement, and longs to traverse its dark bosom in search of wonders, or garlands her hair and exults in her freedom. But the scene changes. Behold yonder dark ball rolling in space. That is Saturn. See her seven moons holding their midnight watch over the slumbering orb. Yonder, to the left, is Earth. Here take this mighty telescope. Do you see it?—'Tis but a mere speck, with one moon, and too small to keep its balance and revolve in perfect circles, its soil formed to no great depth, and its fruits comparatively undeveloped.

On that small planet are many miniature intelligences, some of whom are in their littleness of mind astonished at its apparent vastness; some are so overwhelmed with its magnitude that they cannot believe that any others actually exist. The average of their short lives is equal to threescore and ten, orbicular revolutions of their planet, a thousand of which would be no more than one solar year. But take the mighty telescope. We will ascend the milky-way. We are now undoubtedly traveling the great highway of suns. See them as they pass with their cluster of worlds held out like sparks, and controlled by magnetic sympathy. See them as they whirl circling around the monster orb that controls them. We are in the current that moves all solar worlds around the centre sun of the incomprehensible universe. See, as they pass on the specks disappear, and the solar orbs themselves whirl and circle around that vast centre which no telescope can unvail, no finite thought penetrate.—Is that the throne of the Omnipotent, or is this only the second veil, and that unknown centre, with all its appurtenances, but one vast wheel connecting with another order of things in the sanctum sanctorum of the universe.—Verily one day with Him that controls and inhabits the universe is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. And when the inspired Paul affirmed to the short sighted Athenians that we live, move, and have our being in that aggregate whose body is nature and whose controlling intelligence Diety, he spake not as the will of man speaketh, but as a receptacle of Divine Wisdom.—*People's Journal.*

The woman who undertook to scour the woods, has abandoned the job owing to the high price of soap-suds. The last that was heard of her, she was skimming the seas.

Continental Money.

No par redemption of the continental money was made by Congress. The frequent and large emissions of it soon reduced it in value, and, eventually, destroyed all confidence in it. The first issue took place in 1775, and by the end of 1776 the country had been flooded with $18,000,000 of it. The whole amount issued during the war was not less than $400,000,000, but the collections made by the continental government in various ways cancelled from time to time about one-half of it, so that the maximum did not at any period exceed $200,000,000, nor did it reach that sum until its depreciation had compelled Congress to take it in and re-issue it at forty dollars for one in specie. During the first year of its emission it kept nearly at par, but gradually decreased in value until finally $1,000 of it was offered for one dollar in specie, when it ceased to be looked upon as of any value at all. It was customary at that day to treat it with the utmost contempt and levity, and workmen would show their disregard for the loss occasioned by its depreciation by pasting it up in their shops, forming head caps of it &c.

The Continental Congress, at one time, offered to exchange forty dollars of this currency for one, by giving the holders what was called a loan certificate at par; but as these had gone down to eight dollars for one, few were found to avail themselves of the slim inducements which this method presented. When, however, the present constitution was formed in 1789, all these loan certificates and various other evidences of debt which had been issued to pay the expenses of the war, were funded and immediately rose to par—making fortunes for many. This constituted the public debt, and amounted to $94,000,000. The statements we have given may seem to show a want of proper regard for its obligations on the part of Congress, but most assuredly the statesmen of the revolution were disposed to pay as far as they could.

We must recollect that by the terms of the articles of confederation, Congress had no power to impose taxes without the consent of the States; that the government had no income from tariff duties, and with an army of thirty or forty thousand men, desperate exertions were necessary to keep the wheels in motion. Soldiers, however much we praise their patriotism, looked carefully to their pay, and Washington, in his letters to Congress, more than once plainly intimated that appeals to love of country did little good unless they were fortified with metallic arguments. It has been estimated that the loss occasioned by the depreciation of the continental currency only amounted to a tax of one dollar per head upon each inhabitant, annually for six years. If it had been thus equally distributed, it would probably have been no more than they should have paid toward the expenses of the war; but that some should have been involved in financial ruin from its effects, while others were comparatively free, made it unequal and oppressive in its operation.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

Drunkenness in Congress.

Hon. Gerrit Smith, in a letter to his constituents, says:—

"As a friend of temperance, both my lips and example shall ever testify against any night sessions of Congress, that is not called for by the clearest necessity. What if the majority had appointed the taking of the vote on the Nebraska question in a dram shop?—Would you have had me present? I trust not. But, are you yet to learn that the scenes of a night session of Congress do not always differ in all respects from the scenes of a dram shop? I was present a part of the night session, in which the final vote on the Nebraska bill was taken; and I was well convinced that Congress should avoid all unnecessary night sessions, until Congress loves temperance more and rum less. Never did I witness more gross drunkenness than I witnessed on that occasion. I had to remain until 11 o'clock—for I had to remain until I could record my vote against the pro-slavery bill. After that I hurried away, full of shame and sorrow.

It so happened that Lord Elgin, the Governor of Canada, sat by my side, for an hour or more, during that evening of sad recollections. The drunkenness was perceived by him as well as by myself. I might rather say, it glared upon his observation, as well as my own. It was, certainly, very polite and kind in him to tell me, as he did, in the course of our conversation respecting this disgraceful scene, that he had witnessed shameful disorder in the British Parliment. Nevertheless, his politeness and kindness did not relieve me of my deep mortification."

A MICROSCOPIC WORLD.—The city of Berlin is situated in the midst of a broad, flat plain, and is built upon both sides of the sluggish river Spree. Beneath the city there is a deep bog of black peat, through which borings for water have frequently been carried. Professor Ehrenberg, a gentleman whose explorations into the mysteries of microscopic life have obtained for him a high position among the scientific men of the age, says that this peat at the depth of fifty feet, swarms with infusorial life; that countless myriads of microscopic animals live there and wriggle and die. The perpetual motion of these little animals causes the whole mass of peaty matter to be in a state of constant though generally imperceptible movement. In Berlin the houses, however, are wont to crack and yawn sometimes, in an exceedingly curious manner, even though built on apparently stable foundations; and Professor Ehrenberg believes this to be owing to the changes and motions of this invisible world—to the combined efforts of infinite millions of tiny forms, which conspiring in the same direction, produce sensible, and oftentimes disastrous movements of the surface, resulting in the injury or ruin of the buildings above.

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